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The Friend of the Sorrowful.

Once Jesus went to a town about twenty-five miles away from Capernaum. That town was called Nain (or Beautiful), and it was built on a hill. Why did Jesus go all that long way? He had work to do in Nain. For one thing, He wanted to comfort a poor woman who was very unhappy just then.

JESUS BRINGS THE WIDOW'S SON BACK TO LIFE.

A great crowd of people followed Jesus and His disciples; and when they came near to the gate of the city of Nain, they saw a funeral coming out. The dead body of a young man was being carried out on a bier to be buried.

A bier means a bed; but it is really a flat piece of wood, or something like that. It is very much like the stretchers which are used to carry sick people to the hospital. I have seen men in India carrying a dead body on a bier, exactly as the young man from Nain was carried.

A poor woman who was near the bier was crying very much. Can you guess who she was? That was the young man's mother. She was a widow. That means that her husband had died. And this was her only son, her comfort; and now he was dead too. Who would comfort her now? I think you can tell me. Yes, it was—Jesus.

When Jesus saw that poor mother crying and sobbing, He felt very sorry for her, and He said to her, 'Weep not.' And Jesus came and touched the bier, and the men who were carrying it stood still. And Jesus said, 'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.' And life came back into that dead body again. He that was dead sat up and began to speak. And Jesus gave him back to his mother.

Just think how surprised that mother must have felt! She was a happy mother now. And every one else was surprised. Everywhere people said, 'God has visited His people.' Even John the Baptist in his prison heard of the wonderful miracles.—'The Children's King.'

A Model Missionary Meeting.

'One of the singular things,' said Mrs. Morrison, as she waited for her cup of tea on the veranda, 'is that women have to be urged so constantly to attend missionary meetings. For my part, I prefer them to any social function I know. In our church the missionary meetings are delightful.'

'You are fortunate,' replied Sophy Madison, handing her aunt the cream and sugar. 'I have never yet attended a missionary meeting that was not extremely dull and a real waste of time.'

'Sophy, you surprise me,' Mrs. Morrison returned. 'Tell me how the meetings are conducted with you, and I will give you an idea of what they consist of under the able direction of our president, Mrs. Windmere.'

'I believe we have a president,' said Sophy, 'but I am not very sure. If we have she is nothing more than a figurehead. We have a treasurer and there are collectors who come around at fixed periods to gather up the dues that the members pledge. As a rule, the treasurer secures money enough to save the face of the society, but I hardly know where the money is going, nor does anybody very much care. When a barrel is sent to a home missionary, there is rather more interest, because we all feel sorry to think of the good man without a decent coat or comfortable stockings, and the needs of the wife and children appeal to us very strongly. But foreign missions seem a great way off, in a dim distance, and we do not feel much enthusiasm except when once in a while a missionary lady or a secretary comes from the board, then we take a new start for the moment.

'I went to a missionary meeting a month ago,' said Sophy continuing. 'Half a dozen people came; they straggled in, seating themselves so far apart that you would have thought them enemies instead of friends. No persuasions could induce them to sit close together. The leader asked them to change places and come to the front, but they might have been statues for all the attention they paid. We have a very large congregation and a large membership, but we never have more than a dozen ladies out at a missionary meeting. On this occasion the president appeared to be rather confused and bewildered, the secretary had forgotten to bring her report, and when a hymn was given out only two women sang. You could not hear a word of the prayer that was made, and when the affa'r was over we went out into the sunshine very much relieved and glad to get away.'

Mrs. Morrison seemed unable to grasp so amazing a statement. After a pause she

said gently, 'Let me describe one of our meetings, an everyday one with nothing at all uncommon. We have found it well to have our Home and Foreign Mission Societies meet on the same day, alternately we give the first forty-five minutes to one or the other. Each leader prepares a definite programme. Reports are very conscientiously made, and we sometimes have a speaker from the outside. Whether this is the case or not, we always have one or two thoughtful papers and a resumé of current events in the home and foreign fields. We give about ten minutes to devotional exercises at the close of each meeting, and finally we have a half hour for social converse and simple refreshment. We take great pains to have people there; they are notified by postal cards; invited in a friendly way as we call or go about the town, and the minister urges the matter from the pulpit. In a meeting that I remember very pleasantly, the rule was to have an order of exercises in which five ladies took part, a different five at every meeting. Each of the five was requested to bring five friends. We seldom had less than forty or fifty present at those meetings.'

Sophy was silent. Mrs. Morrison went on to say, 'You will pardon me, I am sure, if I remind you that we never are interested in subjects about which we have no information. The study of missions is fascinating. There is a wonderful and positively engrossing literature of missions, in history, biography and romance. No one finds the theme of foreign missions dull who takes and reads a missionary paper or magazine, or who has a missionary library in her house or church. You with your bright mind and interest in sociology would find no study so captivating and satisfying as the study of missions if only you would give it an hour's attention every day. Furthermore, my dear, we grow interested in what we pray for. Should you make up your mind to pray by name for the missionaries of your board you would cease to feel that they were far away in the distance. They would instead be at the front and you would have the great pleasure of sending them help and encouragement.'

The tea things had been removed and the velvet shadows began to creep over the garden. A hermit thrush fluted sweetly from the top of a maple tree. The peace of God enfolded the Summer afternoon. Both ladies had been silent a little while, when Sophy said, 'I wish somebody would take the initiative and stir our ladies up. If our minister's wife would only do it, we would follow her, I fancy.'

'Your minister's wife has no more obligation in the matter than any other lady in the congregation. In fact, in your case she has less than most, for she has a nursery full of little children, including twins not two years old. Her hands are full. I know one woman who is well fitted to begin a movement for the better and who has every quality of sympathy, tact and social ease that would make her successful. She has Christian consecration, too. I believe she is the one who ought to ask the ladies to come to such a missionary meeting as they have never had in this region. All she wants is to be kindled into enthusiasm.'

'Who is she?' inquired Sophy curiously.

'She is somebody you know intimately,' answered the elder woman. 'Her name is Sophy Madison.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

A Soldier's New 'Leaf.'

In connection with Miss Sandes' work among the soldiers in Cork, she tells the following anecdote: 'I had heard much from Jock about "the lad," how life had gone hard with him, which in great part was his own fault, but that did not mend matters. Now "the lad" wanted to turn over a new leaf, and had come to sign the pledge. So I welcomed him heartily, did my best to make him feel at home, and then we settled down into a cosy corner for a chat. I will call "the lad" Jack, and he commenced the conversation by saying, "I want you to do something for me." "Gladly, my boy," I answered, "if I can." "I want you to explain the Trinity to me, and to tell me how to lead a better life." "To explain the Trinity!" I tried to do it. Then I asked him how he thought "the better life" began. He thought it started by turning over a new leaf, and feeling very sorry for the past, and—and—some mysterious change coming over him. "But how do you think it begins?" he asked. I thought the right start was simply the meeting of the soul with the Saviour, not self-reformation or great emotion. So we talked on, and the next evening we talked on, and the next, and the next. Then a letter came from Jack to tell me that as he worked away that day in the stables he had found "the better life." The substance of the letter was that he had tried to make himself good and had failed that he had tried to feel something, and had failed. "Now," he wrote, "I see I have neither to do nor to feel anything, only to hand myself over to the Great Saviour and believe Him when He tells me He has done everything." '—'Christina Herald.'

The Day of the Lord.

Brothers, look! The day is breaking!
Flees away the dark, wild night;
Gleeful o'er the eastern palings
Peep the mellow rays of light!

Who is this that treads the morning,
Beating back earth's cold and wrong?
Calling to us—'Come, my children;
Come, and bring your morning song.'

'We are coming, blessed Saviour,
Coming, gladly, now to Thee;
Reign for ever and for ever
Over every land and sea;

Claim the kingdoms, sway the sceptre,
That the wand'rers cease to roam;
And Thy children, cleansed and gentle,
Help Thee in the gath'ring home;

Reign for ever and for ever
Over every land and sea,
And on earth, and then in heaven,
We will give the praise to thee.'

—'Examiner.'

Annual Meeting of the International Sunday School Association Executive Committee.

The Sunday school interests of two continents, and largely of the whole world, were centred in the Annual Meeting of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Association, held at Winona Lake, Ind. (Aug. 8-13, 1906.) The meeting represented sixty-nine states, provinces and territories in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, and the Islands of the Sea.

It is declared by the President of the Association, the Hon. Mr. Justice J. J. Maclaren, of Toronto, Canada, who has been identified with the work for thirteen years, to be the most remarkable meeting of the Committee in its history.

The growth of the work during the past year has been phenomenal. The doors of Mexico have been open to organized Sunday school work, and that country now has the services of an International field worker for his entire time. Missionaries declare that the introduction of organized work into Mexico marks a new era in religious education and evangelism in that country.

Within a year the International Sunday school work has been planted in the West Indies and the island of Trinidad through an eight weeks' cruise in the Antilles by Sunday school experts. The journey was apostolic. Everywhere the people responded enthusiastically to the new movement. At the request of the World's Sunday School Committee the continent of South America was added to the International field, which now embraces practically the whole of the western hemisphere.

The Primary Department has fifty-nine state, provincial and territorial superintendents in the field, who through organized primary work, institutes, and primary unions are carrying to the teaching forces of the elementary grades the best educational methods of Bible teaching and development of child life.

The pilgrimage of 800 Sunday school workers to the World's Convention at Jerusalem, 1904, awakened in the Sunday school world a new interest in missions. Its rapid development during the past year, crystallized in the creation of a Missionary Department, under the care of a special committee, which will study to bring the Sunday school to a vigorous and united support of missions. When it is considered that one cent from each Sunday school scholar each Sunday would aggregate in one year $7,280,000, the importance of awakened missionary interest is apparent.

A Temperance Department was also created and placed in charge of a special committee, of which Mr. J. F. Hardin, of Eldora, Iowa, is chairman, with funds to defray the expenses of operation. The definite adjustment of the International machinery to the temperance movement, through which temperance departments will be erected in states, provinces and territories, counties and townships, will bring at once potent re-enforcements to the cause of temperance, and will send out into the future the next generation of children not only pledged against the saloon and the use of intoxicants, but will give to the country an army of citizens morally sound on questions of clean citizenship.

Five members having pledged in the aggregate $1,000 to place a general secretary in the West Indies, to give half his time there and the rest to South America and Newfoundland, the committee of which Dr. Frank Woodbury, of Halifax, N.S., is chairman, will immediately look for the man for the place. The report of this committee was one of the most interesting features of the week.

Dr. George W. Bailey, of Philadelphia, Pa., Chairman of the World's Executive Committee, said the International Convention will be held in Rome, May 20-23, 1907, and that plans are in progress for a gathering of the forces from all parts of the globe. The World's Committee will inaugurate the work in Japan at an early date, and Mr. Frank L. Brown, of Brooklyn, N.Y., has consented to go to Japan, representing the Committee, to organize a national committee and lay the foundations. Mr. Mitto, of Japan, who is here for a few days, assured the Committee that Mr. Brown would receive a very cordial welcome in Japan. Following his services in Japan he will spend some time in India. The Palestine Sunday School Association, organized in Jerusalem in 1904, at the World's Fourth Convention, asked that a worker be sent to the Levant for some months prior to the Rome Convention, and pledged $125 towards expenses. This report was responded to by the Committee, and the money was raised to send a man in harmony with the need as expressed.

An Effective Tract.

Another testimony, in addition to the many already given to the wonderful power of a well-known tract, has been received from a pastor in Michigan, who writes: 'Some years ago you kindly sent me a donation of about two dozen copies of the booklet "Come to Jesus," by Newman Hall. I gave them to persons in my parish who seemed thoughtful as to their personal salvation, and in almost every instance the person receiving it is now a professed follower of Christ. I know of no book that can so successfully win souls to the Saviour. It was blessed to my conversion.'—'American Messenger' (New York.)

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BOYS AND GIRLS

What Makes a Boy Popular.

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.—'Apples of Gold.'

The Magic Well.

A Native Efik Story.

(The Rev. J. K. MacGregor, D.D., old Calabar, in the U. F. Church Review.'

Chapter I.

Far away in the bush, where no white man has ever gone, where the people think that the white man is an evil spirit that is sent to trouble folks who have displeased Abasi, there lies a strange country. In it there is a village near which the farms of the villagers spread out in irregular patches of yam and cassava. Those who have been there bring back awful tales of what they have seen, and still stranger tales of what they have heard. Every sacred day all the things in this country have life. You see your knife, but a few minutes afterwards you may hear it speaking quite plainly with its neighbor, or see it fighting with an enemy. The king of this country is Obou Abasi, and he had two wives, one of whom he loved tenderly, and called Aqua anwan ima—that is, favorite wife; but of the other he thought little, and her he named Ikpri anwan ima—that is, wife of little love. Now Aqua had a son, but Ikpri had none, that was the reason why the king made the distinction in his regard for them.

One day—the memory of living man still knows it—the two women were in the king's yard alone. It was a very sacred day, and the king and all the men had gone to offer special sacrifices. Now in Aqua's house the pot stood full of water, but in Ikpri's house there was no water. When the sun climbed high in the heavens, Aqua went out to the barn to fetch something that she had forgotten, leaving her babe sleeping softly in the house, whilst Ikpri stayed at home. Every little while Ikpri went into Aqua's house and looked with longing, loving eyes on the sleeping child, and wished that she too might be a mother. At last the little one waked up, and cried with such pathetic insistence that Ikpri ran to comfort him, and, finding he was thirsty, gave him some water from his mother's pot to drink.

When Aqua returned home, she at once noticed that some one had been using the water in the pot, and cried out, 'Who has taken the water that I had here?' Ikpri came to her and said, 'Your baby cried, so I gave him to drink from your water-pot; and, see, he sleeps sweetly again.' Thereupon Aqua got into a great rage, and said, 'What is this that you have done? This water is from the well at Idimutan, and I meant to keep it. You must get me some more from this very spring.' Though Ikpri protested strongly against this injustice, all she said was in vain. Her kindness to her rival's child only seemed to make the anger of the cruel woman blaze the more, so that at last, with a sore heart, Ikpri set out on her journey to the magic well of Idimutan.

Chapter II.

The road to the spring was long and dangerous. On sacred days such as that on which this incident happened, it was haunted with all kinds of wild beasts and things, gifted for that day to speak. The trees that grew along the wayside were gnarled and cruel-looking; the very bush, with its dark-green eyes and never a flower to gladden it, made one's heart quail. Yet it suited well with Ikpri's mood as she was walking along, thinking of her life and all the sadness that it had held for her, with the tragic hopefulness of a childless mother that her desires would be fulfilled, and little recking of any dangers that the road might have in store for her.

Suddenly, as she turned a corner of the winding bush-path, she saw before her two knives, fighting. With beating heart, for she knew not but that they might turn on her, she went on toward them. When she came near, they stopped their fighting and asked in stern, metallic tones what she did there. Ikpri told the story of her ill-requited kindness to her rival's child, and when she ended, wishing her good speed, they stood aside to let her pass.

This encouraged Ikpri to go forward; for when she saw the knives, gloomy tales of that dark road had rushed into her mind, so that only her determination to fetch back the water gave her courage to proceed. But now she was prepared, she thought, for anything she might encounter. She was not amazed then, when in a little while she came up to two ufukeyo (native umbrellas) fighting, nor when they, having heard her story, made way for her. In the same way two quarrelsome bananas gave up the road to her; and all the fighting things she met —beds, tables, stools, cups, pots, etc.,— all went out of her way so cheerfully that she felt that Abasi was going to bless this journey to her.

But terror returned when, from the bush, there came a leopard with great gleaming eyes that seemed already to have joy in her death. He demanded that she should give him her hand to eat. With quivering voice Ikpri told him too her tale; and as he heard, the savage gleam of his eyes changed to a glow of sympathy, and he bade her go on, nothing fearing. Many were the wild animals she thus passed in safety, and all were kindly before her sorrow. At last she met an elephant with huge tusks and grim, gray body. Yet though his body was so big, and looked so threatening, his heart was tender. He bade her go on to the well boldly. Then suddenly he asked her if she knew where it was. When Ikpri replied that she had never journeyed to it, the elephant told her where it was, describing the way so carefully that she could not miss it. He added, moreover, that her troubles would not end when she got there, for on a sacred day only those who put their pots into the water in proper fashion ever got good fortune from their visit to the spring. Then he showed her how to dip the pot she carried into the spring so that the magic spell might work no ill on her. With a heart half glad for dangers past, half sad with uncertain hope, Ikpri went on.

Soon she came to the spring. There was no mistaking it. There was the great tree with orchids nestling on it. There were the ferns and crotons and great waving arums. Timidly she stole forward with a prayer on her lips that Abasi might favor her enterprise. Lo! as the lip of her pot touched the water, there came from it a nymph more sweet than sweetest thought, who asked her why she came to this well on a sacred day looking so sad. Once more Ikpri told her story, and as she spoke the nymph's face grew gravely kind with sympathetic sorrow. Holding out two sticks to Ikpri when the tale was finished, she said, 'Take these two wish-sticks, and all things that you wish in love and for your happiness you shall have.' As the sticks touched Ikpri's hand, they became as small as a ball of foofoo, and at the nymph's command she swallowed them. Then she took her pot from the well, full of clear water and rich with rarest pearls. Abasi had indeed heard her prayer and answered it not according to her words, but with the rich reward he gives his favored ones.

Chapter III.

When she arrived at home Ikpri set down her pot, and from her mouth there fell the wishing-sticks, which grew at once to their former size. 'Aqua,' she cried, 'come, let me give you the water that I owe you.' At sight of the pearls, Aqua's jealousy and hatred increased, and hot envy seized her. 'Whence came these?' she asked sharply; and Ikpri told the story simply, not narrating all her adventures, but saying that when she took her pot from the well, behold, they were there. 'Tell me the way to this well,' demanded Aqua, 'for I must have some pearls too. The fool who brought me this potful had taken all the pearls from it ere giving it to me.' So Ikpri showed her the way, and Aqua, snatching up her pot, set out on the road full of greedy hope.

Aqua saw not the terrible beauty of the bush-path along which she trod. Her thoughts were set on the pearls she lusted for, and the determination to win them banished from her mind every thought, even of the babe at home that Ikpri now was soothing once again. When the knives, startled at the sight of the second woman coming towards them on the same day, asked her in tones subdued by memory of Ikpri's sad story whither she went, she answered churlishly, bidding them be quiet, as old rusty things, and let her pass at once. Silently they stood aside, but the fierce light that glinted from them boded no good to Aqua. The umbrellas she scolded, and the bananas hurried from her when she threatened to eat them. All the things that Ikpri had passed in safety she met, and all in silence cleared from her path. When the leopard asked her if she too wished to go to the well, she answered ungraciously, 'Take your ugly bright eyes away, and let me hurry on.' Saying, 'Beware how you walk, for you shall yet see worse things than my cruel eyes,' he sprang into the bush and she saw him no more at that time. At her command to remove his 'short legs and small eyes,' the elephant too made off, having warned her that dangers she know not of lay before her.

At last she arrived at the well. No fear was in her heart, for the lust of gain had cast out all fear. Into the clear, flowing water she plunged her pot, and, as before, the nymph appeared. Not now, however, was her face gentle. Her beauty was that of anger as she asked in cold, unfeeling tones, 'What do you wish?' 'It is not your concern, but mine,' retorted Aqua, scarce deigning to glance at the lady of the well. Then, saying in a voice of stern and awful pity, 'Take heed. Thy doom is coming on thee,' the nymph too, vanished, and Aqua was left alone.

In anxious haste that hardly marked the words, Aqua drew her pot from the spring, but no pearls were in it. Enraged, she dashed her pot to the ground, and over her, from head to foot, on arms, on body, and on legs, the magic water splashed. Alas! wherever a drop of the water fell, there came a loathsome, scaly, leprous spot. For a moment she stood rooted to the spot in agony, then, uttering a cry of despairing rage, she set off home, terrible wrath against Ikpri burning more fiercely than ever before in her heart. She thought the road would never end, for as she passed each spot where she had met an animal or thing she saw it once again. But now each face beamed with satisfied malice as the leprous woman tottered past. It seemed to her she walked through rows of demons that smiled with pleasure at their scorner's plight, and not a sign of pity did one of them give.

At last she reached the way that led to the village, but she dared not go down it. That meant instant death for a leper. Through the bush around the town she walked disconsolate, but her foot never again crossed the threshold of the house where her baby was. Nursed by Ikpri, the young prince grew; but he did not reach the throne, for the first war that spoke to him of glory brought him death. Ikpri lived long and well and heard her son praised as the wisest king the town had ever known—for, of course, her first wish had been for a boy; and when he was born she wished that he might rule, a great and good king; and this wish being 'in love and for her happiness' was amply fulfilled.

At nights, as long as Aqua lived, her awful cries of disappointed rage were

heard in the bush as she stalked about in her blind foolishness; and now that she is dead, her spirit flits from town to town desiring to enter, but not being able. Have you ever heard, when you lie awake at nights, loud above the whirring of the cricket and the croaking of the frogs, the sorrowing cry that comes from her broken heart?

Chinese Gordon's Medal.

'The most refreshing character of the century was General Gordon.' Professor Huxley is reported to have said that.

Let me tell you the story of the brave General's medal.

For his great services in China the Government of the day sought to reward him. But he most unselfishly declined all honors that would seem like a reward for doing what he considered to be his duty.

Money and titles the General simply scorned. But a medal inscribed with his name and a record of his thirty-three engagements was accepted by him because he could not very well refuse such a testimonial.

After his tragic death, the medal could nowhere be found.

Then comes the beautiful part, which shows the singular nobleness and charm of Gordon's character.

Not being able to trace the medal at his death, his friends made enquiries about it, and the discovery was made that it had been sent to the poor of Manchester during the famine.

An anonymous letter accompanied it, requesting that the ore might be melted down, and its value given to the fund for hungry children in that great city. This seems to have been done.

Having sent off the medal and the letter, Gordon wrote this in his diary, 'The last and only thing I have in this world that I value I have given over to the Lord Jesus Christ.'

So unworldly, so utterly unselfish was the generous deed. He just spent himself always in seeking to do with his whole might the thing that he believed God called him to do.

He gave to Manchester's starving bairns his best treasure. I am sure the gift was made at the prompting of a heart brimming over with love for Christ's little ones. And it was an offering that could in no wise lose its reward.

He did what he could. Perhaps no higher purpose could have inspired him. The Lord's approval of the conduct of the woman who poured the contents of the alabaster vase upon Him, while He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, makes a gift like Gordon's splendid.'

If any of us—if all of us—resolve to do our best and give our most to Him, it will be reward enough in the great day of reckoning to hear our Lord say of us: 'He hath done what he could.'

Only we can give Him our best.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Story of a Good King.

Few things are more remarkable in the history of the Sovereigns of England than the piety of George III. To it was, doubtless, due a large part of his popularity with the people, and his simple and unaffected intercourse with them procured for him an extraordinary degree of affection and love.

He appears to have learned religious principles in very early years, and was never guilty of concealing them. At all times he was diligent in reading the Bible. A pious female servant said of him, 'I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages he turns down. I wish everybody made the Bible as much their daily study as my good master does.'

His trust in God is shown by his motto. He quoted that of George II. upon the arms of the Electorate of Hanover, 'I trust in my sword,' saying, 'This I always disliked, for, had I nothing to trust in but my sword I well know what would be the result; therefore, when I came to the Crown, I altered it. My motto is "I trust in the truth of the Christian religion."' In one of his letters Bishop Warburton says, 'Nichols, Potter, and T. Wilson, Prebendaries of Westminster, preaching one after another, belauded the King with flattery, who, as Lord Mansfield tells me, expressed his offence publicly, by saying that he came to chapel to hear the praise of God, and not his own.'

Many stories of the King are told, of which the following is one of the best. An under-gardener, with whom the King was accustomed to converse familiarly, was missed one day by his Majesty, who inquired of the head gardener where he had gone.

'Please your Majesty,' said the gardener, 'he is so very troublesome with his religion, and is always talking about it.'

'Is he dishonest?' said the King. 'Does he neglect his work?'

'No, your Majesty, he is very honest; I have nothing to say against him for that.'

'Then send for him again,' said the King. 'Why should he be turned off? Call me Defender of the Faith! Defender of the Faith! and turn away a man for his religion!'

He was naturally inquisitive, and whenever he met Mr. West, his carpenter, who was a village preacher, on Monday, he would inquire where he had preached the previous day, what was his text, and how he explained it. He was not only fond of religious conversation, but tolerant of the views of others.

He was one day passing in his carriage through a place near one of the Royal palaces, when the rabble was gathered together to interrupt the worship of the Dissenters. His Majesty stopped to know the cause of the hubbub, and, being answered it was only some affair between the townspeople and the Methodists, he replied, loud enough to be heard by many: —

'The Methodists are a quiet, good kind of people, and will disturb nobody, and if I can learn that any persons in my employ disturb them, they shall be immediately dismissed.' Naturally, this put an end to the disturbance.

On another occasion, when some wisehead proposed to bring a Bill into Parliament to prevent the increase of licences to dissenting preachers, h's Majesty, on being applied to on the subject, returned for answer, 'If the Bill should pass through both Houses it shall not obtain my sanction, as there shall be no persecution in my reign.'

The King had a Mr. Gray, 'an ingenious mechanic,' among his servants, who resided in the palace for many years. On one occasion he refused to repair a bedstead on a Sunday, and the matter was reported to the King. The King said, in reply (as he afterwards informed Gray), 'Gray is a good man, that fears God, and sooner than require him to make such alterations I would sleep without a bedstead.'

He was one day visiting the Princess Amelia in her illness, when he impressed upon her the truth that in the sight of God there was no difference between the greatest and the humblest, that the first needed to be saved as well as the last, adding, 'and that must be through the cleansing of the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by His righteousness.'

The last years of his life were covered with the thick darkness of insanity; but in his case, as in that of many others, when the mind decayed, religion proved itself to be the strongest of all affections. He had lucid intervals, and during one of these the Queen, entering the room, found him singing a hymn, and accompanying it on the harpsichord. When he had finished it he knelt down and prayed for her Majesty, then for his family and the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him; but, if not, to give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason fled again.

On another occasion, when the passing bell was tolling at Windsor, he inquired who was dead. His attendants at first did not answer him, but on his repeating the question, they said, 'Please your Majesty, Mrs. S.' 'Mrs. S.?' rejoined the King. 'She was a linendraper, and lived at the corner of ——,' naming the street. 'Aye, she was a good woman, and brought up her family in the fear of God. She is gone to Heaven. I hope I shall soon follow her.'

Such was the life, and such was the death, of the good old King, a simple Christian, whose example endures for all. —'Friendly Greetings.'

Buds and Blossoms.

One day a child came running to her father and said: 'O Father, I meant to take some flowers to Nellie while she was sick, but I didn't do it, and now she is well again, and it's no use. She will have to take the will for the deed this time.'

The father looked grave, but said nothing. He led his daughter out into the garden. There he picked some beautiful roses and gave them to her. While she was admiring them he picked a bud which was slightly blighted ,and handed that to her also. 'Which is more beautiful?' he asked.

'Why, the roses, Father,' replied the child.

'But,' asked the father, 'would not the bud some day have been as beautiful as the roses?'

'No, Father, it never would have bloomed, because it was blighted.'

'My daughter,' said the father, 'your kindness was like that bud. If you had done promptly what you meant to do, then your intention would have bloomed into a kind deed, like a rosebud into a rose. But now, because you neglected it, your intention is blasted, and will never bloom, nor do any one any good.'

The child looked into her father's face, and in her heart resolved that good intentions should bloom into kind deeds.—'Child's Hour.'

For the Handy Boy.

Have you a little sister? If so, would you like to make her a doll house? It is quite easy if you are handy with your tools. Take two soap boxes of the same size, and nail them together, placing them side by side. Divide one of the compartments into two sections by nailing a board, horizontally across, half-way between the top and bottom, thus making two rooms. Paper the lower room with some dainty 'left-over' wall-paper for the parlor, and the room above, if papered in some rich shade of green or red, will make a cheerful sitting-room or library.

Divide the other box into four equal parts by nailing flat boards horizontally and perpendicularly through the centres. The two lower parts for the kitchen and dining-room should be furnished and papered accordingly, and the upper floor should be the bedroom and bathroom.

This is merely the skeleton house, but there are many pretty touches you can add if you want to make it extra nice. I saw a doll house built by a boy of twelve. It had a slanting roof, painted green, with a well-made chimney on one side. Outside the library window was a bay-window, and the three lower rooms had a porch around them.

The whole front was an exact imitation of a house, with windows and doors complete, and it worked on hinges, so that its little mistress could swing it open and play with the things inside. The entire outer surface was covered with brick paper, and it was a credit to the builder when it was complete, and a joy to the happy little girl who received it on her eighth birthday.—'Child's Hour.'

What the Learned Chinaman Believes.

In zoology he believes that tigers plunging into the sea are transformed into sharks, and that sparrows by undergoing the same baptism are converted into oysters; for the latter metamorphosis is gravely asserted in canonical books, and the former is a popular notion which he cares not to question. Arithmetic he scorns as belonging to shopkeepers; and mechanics he disdains on account of its relation to machinery and implied connection with handicraft.—W. A. P. Martin, in 'The Lore of Cathay.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

'And, Billy,' the doctor wiped the perspiration from his forehead, 'this is the only kind of lark that pays! The kind that we used to have was killing—by the help of God, this is the kind that saves.'

'Save him, Phil!' Daniels covered his eyes with his hand. 'The little Saint told us what a man he is, and these people show it. Pull him through, he's more of a man than I am.'

'If I pull him through, Billy,' the doctor's hand grasped his firmly, 'you did your share—you gave me the tools to work with.'

How slowly the night wore on! Jim seemed to rest more quietly, except that he tugged at his shirt, and now and then muttered about 'Margaret.' Now and then he restlessly tried to sit up, and spoke about the ticket which he was evidently trying to take from his shirt, and once he lifted his arms imploringly towards the faded picture on the wall, and muttered, 'I'll be gettin' it back, Margaret! I'll have enough soon!'

Billy Daniels paced back and forth in the little shop, now and then throwing an uneasy glance at the restless figure on the bed. He was used to seeing physical suffering in the hospital, but this, this pleading, the pitiful murmuring of a name with love trembling in every tone, was new, was nerve-wracking. He turned to the doctor. 'Phil, what ticket do you fancy he's talking about?'

The doctor knit his brows. 'Whatever it is, I fancy it's in that little bag around his neck. Pawn ticket, likely; that's the kind best known down here. At any rate, it's heavy on his mind, and it's a hard thing to cure a patient whose heart isn't at rest. Maybe it's a wedding ring he pawned to keep his head above water.'

'Maybe!' This tragedy of poverty was getting very real to Daniels, and it stirred him as few things had. 'Maybe it was "Margaret's" wedding-ring. But if it was, the way he's talking of her, he wouldn't have pawned it.'

'Billy,' Dr. Hanauer shifted the pillows as deftly as his white-capped nurses might have done, 'there's many a man had to tear his heart out just to get bread.'

'Say, Hanauer, find the ticket! You're the doctor and can, and we may be able to clear his mind.' Daniels bent over the bed, as if to find it himself should the doctor refuse. But Dr. Hanauer quickly loosened the tough cord that bound the little bag, and in a moment the treasure lay before them, a little green ticket, with its short inscription, 'Two dollars to James Belway, Dec. 3, for wedding-ring marked J. B. to M. R.,' and wrapped around it, was a scrap of paper, and on it was written in precise, even little letters, 'God forgive me, Margaret, but I couldn't rest with Eddin' suffering with his back so. I only let the ring go so to help the little Saint out. God willing, Margaret, I'll save bit by bit till I get it back.'

They read it together, and then without one word, the doctor slipped the paper back into the bag, and hung it again about Jim's neck. Daniels sat with his head upon his arm, bent upon the footboard, and Dr. Hanauer, his own eyes filled with tears, understood why he did not raise his head. But in a moment Daniels stood up, and said huskily, 'I'm glad we came down here to-night, Phil. I don't think Flanery Court can afford to lose such a man yet.' Then, after a moment, 'Hanauer, that man pawned a wedding-ring to help a kid—and I spent thirty thousand last year, and not a soul better off except the saloon-keepers.'

The doctor turned from his patient and the two men faced each other, the faces of both filled with deeper feeling than could creep to their lips. 'Billy, you and I have been a good deal to each other for a good many years now—ever since the old college days, fifteen years ago. My parents were poor Jews, God bless them! And I had a hard pull up hill. You were bred in luxury, and had a fair road before you. We are both of us just what our boyhood homes helped to make us, so to some degree we are free from blame or praise. The trouble with you is that you never had any trouble. But I tell you, you are more of a man than you know! You are stronger than you were a year ago, and little by little the devil will let go his hold. It was this man before us who put Puddin' Sweeney in our charge; it was you who helped Puddin', and many another little sufferer, through much of their pain. There isn't a child in the wards that doesn't love you,—they know who pays for the toys, and the flowers, and the pictures, and the candy. Straighten out, Billy! There's much of your thirty thousand didn't go to saloon-keepers. You've got a big heart, and a clean hand, and your backbone's getting stiffer.'

'God bless you, Phil!' Daniels held the doctor's hand in a grip that might have belonged to his old football days. 'I can thank you for any backbone that I've got. I learned something to-night about what money can do. So help me God, I'll prove to you I learned it to good advantage.'

He picked up the pawn ticket which lay upon the bed, and slipped it into his pocket. 'When the morning comes, I'll get the ring. You send down a nurse, and if money can pull him through, he'll live. And if he does he won't have to pawn his wedding-ring again.'

'Daniels, look at him!' The doctor pointed to the bed.

'What is it?' Daniels' voice was filled with dread. 'Is he worse?'

'Worse!' Doctor Hanauer's voice rang with triumph. 'Worse! Why, Billy, he's sleeping like a baby, and the crisis is passed! And we pulled him out of Death's own jaws!'

'We!' echoed Billy scornfully. 'You did!'

'Yes, Billy,—but I was only the instrument! You did too, and the Saint, and Mrs. Daley, and Mickey, and,' very reverently, 'God!'

CHAPTER XV.

MR. DANIELS GOES SHOPPING.

True to her word, Mrs. Daley arrived at the shop very early, but no earlier than the nurse, who had been summoned by telephone. Mrs. Daley surveyed her silently, and watched the preparation of a gruel with intense interest. 'I'm thinkin',' she remarked to the doctor, 'she won't be needin' my help this morning.'

The doctor, worn out by the night's vigil, answered kindly, 'She will need no one, Mrs. Daley. You are very kind, and I am sure he will appreciate it when he's better.'

'Dr. Hanauer!' Mrs. Daley put her coarse red hand on the doctor's sleeve. ''Tis we poor ones must be kind, for we're always needin 'each other. But there isn't many like you ,and when I said my prayers last night, I just told the Lord if any one was deservin' everything good, 'twas the likes of you, comin' down such a wild night to where there was never a cent to meet you!'

'Thank you, Mrs. Daley.' No society lady ever received a more courtly bow than Hotorah Daley, washerwoman by profession. 'Your prayer is the richest pay I ever got for a cure.'

The ride to the hospital seemed long to the two weary men, and when at last they reached the doctor's cozy rooms ,they were too tired to eat the dainty breakfast spread there. The Saint was sleeping, so the nurse said, and probably would sleep half the day from sheer exhaustion. When at last they went to bed to get their much-needed rest, the doctor's trained senses gave in at once; but Daniels tossed about ,still filled with a feeling of content and satisfaction that had not been his for years. And half asleep, and half awake, he thought of many half-remembered things that had filled other years—of his pretty, gentle mother, who had tried to guide him aright,—of the boyhood days when he was filled with a desire to do things, to be somebody— and when he slept, he was back in the old days. When he awoke, in the early afternoon, it was with a new feeling of reliance, of strength, that gave a gleam to his eye and a flush to his cheeks. Stepping to the window, as he dressed, he remarked forcibly, 'Billy, you're a winner this time! You're one step ahead.'

Up-stairs, Cecilia was slowly coming back to life. When she opened her eyes, and saw the snowy coverlet, and the sunlight on the floor, and the dainty little frills at her wrists, she simply let her lids droop with ineffable content, entirely too weary to reason how she came there. But, bit by bit, there drifted into her mind the thoughts of her weary trudge in the rain with Mickey, to call Dr. Hanauer ;and with the thought of Jim, came the sickening weight of dread that had lain upon her heart for two days, and she bounded from the bed. The noise brought a nurse from the hall, who vainly tried to insist that she go back to bed. 'Where are my clothes?' Her voice rang shrill and hard. 'Where are they? Give them to me this minute—I've got to go home, I tell you, Jim's sick!'

'Yes, dear, you shall go, but now you are to stay in bed until the doctor comes.' The nurse's tones were so calm that they but added fuel to the Saint's anger.

'I won't stay in bed, I tell you! Give me my clothes, or I'll yell! I'll yell so loud the doctor will hear me!'

'You're yelling quite loud enough now for any purpose.' Mr. Daniels stood in the doorway, coolly surveying the red mass of tumbled hair, and the thin flushed face. 'I thought you were called Saint Cecilia!'

'Mr. Daniels,' her voice had lost some of the anger ,and she held out her hands to him pleadingly, 'tell her to give me my clothes! I've got to go home to Jim, he's awful sick!' And as she spoke, she remembered suddenly that Mickey had been with her ,and that it ought to be night-time, and she brushed back her hair with a puzzled gesture. 'Where's Mickey? What time is it? Did the doctor go '

Mr. Daniels quietly picked up the trembling little form, and put her back in bed. Then he sat down beside her ,and very calmly, and clearly, and gently, he told her all about their going to the Court, and about the doctor's hard battle with death, and how he had come off victorious. And as he talked ,a great load rolled off the troubled little heart, and she buried her head under the blanket, and sobbed and sobbed, each sob shaking her thin little body so that Daniels' heart ached as he watched her. And when the sobs had ceased, she sat up, and with a great light shining in her eyes, said, 'And he did all that for Jim! Oh, I'm glad I came up with Mickey! Mrs. Daley said he wouldn't go, but she don't know how good he is.'

'She knows now, Cecilia,' and he told her what Mrs. Daley said that morning. And he told her ,too, ever so many funny little things, all that he could think of, even of Mickey and his mince-pie, until the tears were dry on her cheeks, and she was smiling faintly. And when she wanted to get up so that she could go back to Jim, he told her of the pretty nurse who was taking care of him ,and then her eyes grew bright and happy.

'I guess maybe she can take as good care of him as I can, 'she said.

'Yes,' admitted Mr. Daniels, gravely, 'maybe she can. She was cooking a fine gruel when I left there.'

The Saint sat up quickly. 'The wood-box is empty.'

'No, my dear,' he corrected gently, 'you needn't worry, the wood-box is full. And Jim is going to have everything he needs

to make him well and strong, and the nurse will take such wonderful care of him, that he won't even know himself when he looks in that little glass over the shelf.'

Cecilia smiled happily. 'Ain't everybody awful good! Jim's awful good, too. Maybe God saw how good Jim was, and so He made people good to him on purpose.'

'Maybe!' Mr. Daniels stood up. 'Then you ought to be awful good, too. Now there's only one way for you to be good to-day, that is to stay in bed and do precisely what the nurse tells you to do. If you don't do it, then Jim himself couldn't call you good. Will you promise?'

And the Saint responded solemnly, 'Honest injun, cross my neck and body, I promise.'

And he knew she'd keep her word, and set forth on the first shopping expedition for years. He had made up his mind that the Saint's wardrobe, as he recalled it of the night before, was not effective against the winter weather. Shutting his teeth tightly, he decided he would remedy the lack. He went into the first store whose showy windows greeted him after he got off the car, and stated his wants at the first counter he struck. 'I want a dress for a little girl.'

'Certainly.' The pretty saleswoman lifted her eyebrows slightly. 'Washable or cloth?'

Mr. Daniels pondered a moment. He couldn't remember just what kind girls did wear, but he remembered how cold Cecilia had looked. and said, 'Cloth, a red one.'

Then he was shown to an elevator, and went up to another story; and when he had told again what he wanted, a little girl took him in charge, and announced loudly when she had ushered him to a counter, 'This here gentleman wants a dress for his little girl.'

'Certainly!' This saleswoman's voice was pleasanter than the other's ,and he took courage. 'What price?'

He knitted his brows, and wondered what business it was of hers anyway what he intended paying for the dress. Then he said irrelevantly, 'I want a red one.'

'Yes?' She looked at him as if she were rather amused. 'What age?'

'Oh.' He thankfully remembered that he knew her age. 'Thirteen.'

Mr. Daniels wondered what any store should want to keep so many kinds of dresses for; as far as he was concerned, a dress was a dress, and beyond the color, he could see very little difference. Perhaps the saleswoman had had such customers before—Daniels soon found out that she knew what he wanted 'even if he didn't himself—and it was a pretty red flannel sailor suit that was wrapped up. While he was waiting for his change, he told her of various other things he wanted to purchase, and perhaps it was because he looked so helpless, or because she took an honest interest in a patron, but she said she had a little sister of thirteen, and offered to go with him to the other departments if the head of her department would allow it. And when the head of the department noted the aristocratic presence of the patron, he gave his consent very graciously. Mr. Daniels found his shopping much simplified by the aid of the obliging saleswoman; he was amazed at her intricate acquaintanceship with the qualities, and styles, and varieties of the various things he purchased. She bought the shoes and the stockings, and the warm set of underwear, and the long heavy coat, and the mittens, and last a ribbon for the Saint's ruddy hair—all Mr. Daniels had to do was to pay for them. When at last his shopping was completed, he realized with a sudden burst of gratitude how much trouble that saleswoman had saved him, and he stopped at the candy department and sent a box of candy to the 'girl in the dress department with blue eyes and freckles on her nose and a bow in her hair.' He never knew that that box of candy went to a very humble little home where the little ones knew candy only as a rare and wonderful treat.

When Daniels got back to the hospital, he went at once to the office, where Dr. Hanauer was making up reports; perhaps he was still tired from the watch of the night before, but somehow the reports didn't seem to come out right, for he was frowning heavily. But the frowns fled when Daniels entered.

'Hello, Billy! Haven't seen you to-day. How are you?'

'Oh, Hanauer! Played out.' And he looked very woe-begone.

The doctor eyed him keenly. 'Been out? Where?'

Daniels returned the gaze quietly. 'Oh, you needn't look at me! I have been out, and I didn't drink a drop. I've been shopping.'

'Shopping!' Dr. Hanauer was surprised that he hadn't noticed the bundles before. 'Jerusalem! I should think you had! What under the sun did you buy '

'What did I buy!' Daniels answered tragically. 'Sir, I have bought the necessities of life!' And he unfolded to the doctor's interested gaze his purchases of the afternoon. 'I don't buy a wardrobe for a saint every day!'

'Billy, if she goes down to the Court in that rig, Court circles will never get over it!' The doctor surveyed the outspread wardrobe admiringly. 'Why a sight of her in that dress ought to cure Jim Belway. He asked for her this afternoon.'

'Were you there? How s he?' Daniels forgot his shopping at once.

'How is he? My dear Billy, how ought one of my patients be when I worked over him a whole night? 'was the laughing answer.

'By jove, Phil.' Daniels surveyed the earnest face before him admiringly, 'he ought to be well!'

'Oh, say, give him half a chance! He isn't well, but he's going to be! If I had let him talk he'd have killed himself trying to thank me. Seems Mickey's mother was in, and the nurse says she told all she knew in five minutes, and left the patient in a nervous state that would have hurt him if I hadn't come in. As it was, I admitted some ,and denied some, and the only thing that is apt to kill him now is the shock to his pride. He says he'll pay me and the nurse and you and every one else who has laid out a cent. And I had to say we'd take it ,or let his fever rise, so I promised.'

'How did you do it, Phil? He was near death last night! To me it seems almost uncanny; it may be only science, but to me it's a miracle. '

(To be continued.)

Dear friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

It will then rest entirely with the Officers of the school whether they wish it continued at the low rate of 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more This is just half the regular rate and gives nearly three large papers for a cent.

Kindly show this important notice to the Officers of your school—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its Contents.

The "Northern Messenger" is being read by nearly a quarter of a Million Canadian Sunday School Children—the great City schools all over the Dominion as well as the smallest cross-roads School according it first place in their hearts.

This is our Diamond Jubilee Year and we ask our friends to recognize it by introducing the "Northern Messenger" into many new schools.

Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

Yours Sincerely,
John Dougall & Son,
publishers, Montreal.

N.B.—We will be starting a first class new serial story in a few weeks. Better get in line in time for that. Sunday Schools intending to send in 'Messenger' clubs for the first time for 1907, should remit at once and they will receive

the balance of this year free of charge.

Mother's Marjorie.

(Marian Isabel Hurrell, in 'Our Little Dots')

Should I be doing very wrong
If I took one to eat?
'Tis such a lovely dish of fruit—
The cherries look so sweet;
I'd like to taste them very much,
But nursie says I'm not to touch.

Now is my chance; I don't believe
There's any one about.
I'll make quite sure; I should not like
Mamma to find me out.
When I am good as good can be,
She calls me 'Mother's Marjorie'

Ah! here is one which looks as ripe
As any one could wish.
No, something tells me it is wrong
To take it from the dish.
Nurse says that God can always see—
That day and night He's watching me.

I'll put it back, and go and take
My kitty for a run;
I'm glad I 'membered just in time,
For if I took but one,
A naughty little girl I'd be,
Instead of 'Mother's Marjorie.'

A High Wind.

'Nellie and some of her friends had just washed their dollies' clothes and hung them on the little line in the yard.

'How clean our clothes look!' exclaimed Olive. 'It seems like being grown-up women to have these darling clothespins and that little basket; but we want a clothes-pole, too. I'll run home and get papa's old cane for that.'

No sooner was the cane brought and placed under the line than some little boys ran out into the yard.

'Let's plague the girls and pull all these clothes off the line,' said Tom.

'All right,' answered the others. And in a few minutes the rude boys had thrown the dollies' clean skirts and dresses into the mud of the yard.

Of course the little girls felt ever so badly to see the dainty garments in the dirty mud puddles; but what do you suppose they did? Just guess.

'Got angry at the boys?'

'No.'

'Said they'd pay them back?'

'No. They said, "Let's play a high wind came and blew the clothes down, and let's pick them up and rinse them over." '—Alice May Douglas, in 'Youth.'

HOW many of 'Our Little Ones' ever saw dogs at church?

'I have,' answers some boy who has seen a stray dog wander up the aisle, making all the children giggle, and even grown people smile.

But, my boy, didn't the sexton

make poor Bruno feel that he was in the wrong place and must go out

at once? That isn't what I am talking about, by any means. Perhaps some of you have pet dogs that try their best to go to church with you, so that you have to tie them securely every Sunday morning. All such dogs would, I am sure, like to move to a little town in Canada, where they know how to treat dogs.

In the centre of the church, near the stove, is a large space set apart for the dogs. They come in with the people, know just where to go, and settle themselves comfortably to listen to the sermon.

They seem to know just how long the service ought to be and one Sunday when a stranger preached beyond the usual time, one of the dogs got up, shook himself, yawned and stretched, and looked up at the preacher, as much as to say, 'Haven't you finished yet!'

The minister kept right on, so the dog went sadly back and slept till the sermon was at last ended.

Although there are always a good many dogs at every service, they have never been known to quarrel or make any disturbance. They often go to sleep; but then, didn't you ever go to sleep in church? —'Little One's Annual.'

How Eddie Preached.

'When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher,' said Eddie one day.

'What is a preacher?' asked grandma.

Eddie looked surprised. 'Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, "Thirdly, my brethren," and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you.'

Grandma smiled. 'I think you are big enough to preach now,' she said.

'Really and truly, grandma', asked the little boy, eagerly.

'Yes, really and truly.'

'I'm afraid not,' said Eddie, after a few moments, 'or I'd know how, and I don't.'

'What does the preacher do first?' asked grandma.

'He takes a text, and then he explains it. I can't do that.'

'Oh, yes, Eddie, you can,' said grandma. 'Here's a good text for

you to explain: "Be kind one to another."'

'There's nothing to explain about that,' said Eddie. 'You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is about it.'

'A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week.'

'Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't!' exclaimed Eddie.

'Can't be kind to everybody you meet for one week?'

Eddie looked thoughtful. 'Would that be preaching?' he asked.

'It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he has to say in the pulpit.'

'Well,' said Eddie, with a sigh, 'I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking of that kind of preaching.'

'You will be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know,' said grandma.

'It is not kind to the teacher to whisper in school,' said Eddie the very next day; and he did not whisper once.

'It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep dinner waiting, either,' said he to himself, and he hurried home from school.

'It's not kind to mother when I don't do errands promptly,' he thought, and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it. The end of the week came.

'How do you like preaching?' asked grandma.

'Why, I like it; but, grandma, I think everybody must have been preaching about that text, for everybody has been so kind to me.'—'M. C. Advocate.'

The Child in the Glass.

The child who lives in the looking glass
Is always waiting to see me pass;
She never seems to run and play,
But watches there for me all day.
For every time I go and see,
I find her peeping round at me.
One day when I was cross and cried,
She stretched her mouth so very wide,
I had to laugh—then she did, too;
She likes to do just what I do.
—St. Nicholas.

A Letter from the Farm:

(Ethel M. Kelley, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Dear Mother:

I got here on Monday,
I'm having a whole lot of fun.
I rode on the hay all of one day,
I freckled all up in the sun.
There's cows and there's bees making honey,
And a calf that is awfully queer,
I help feed the pigs—they're so funny!
I wish you were here.

My appetites 'truly alarming,'
So grandmamma says. I eat some!
I help them a lot with the farming.
I guess it is lucky I come.
I get in the eggs, and I'm learning
To milk—I can milk pretty near,
And mornings I help with the churning—
I wish you were here.

Please send me my two baseball mittens,
Please send me my drum, don't forget!
The cat has five beautiful kittens,
They haven't their eyes open yet.
The weather is perfectly splendid,
The skies are so blue and so clear.
I tore my best pants, but they're mended—
I wish you were here.

I work with the man that is hired,
I go with him round everywhere.
At night I'm so dreadfully tired
I most fall asleep in my chair.
Except that I get awful dirty,
I try to be good, mother dear.
Love to all.
From your little son Bertie—
P.S.—I wish you were here.

The Brook's Work.

One day a little brook tumbled out of its spring home on the side of a mountain and fell down, down, to a plain below. At first it was startled, but when it saw the same blue sky smiling down and felt the same warm sunshine on its bosom, it felt quite at home in its new surroundings, and paused to listen to the voices all around.

'There is work to do,' whispered the trees, as they rocked their leaf buds in their cradles.

'There is work to do,' chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

'There is work to do,' hummed a bee, as she flew with her load of honey straight for the hive.

'There may be work for me to do,' said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhead; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees, hiding from the sunbeams, and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over that and set a little water-wheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing the brook grew so large that cattle, horses, deer, and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill dam that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the sawmill. There, too, it turned a great water wheel that sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leaf-boats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, 'Dear River, look upward, see the blue sky and the sun watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost.'

She had scarcely ceased speaking when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.—'N. C. Advocate.'

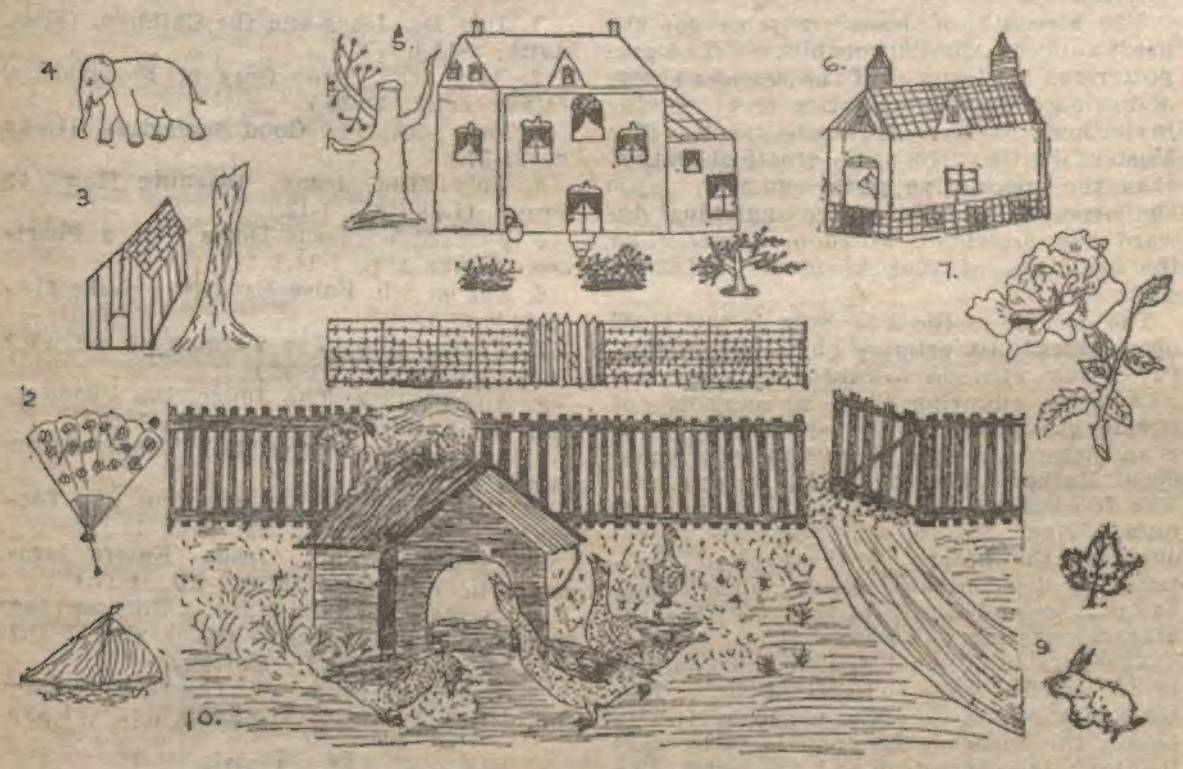
Correspondence

P., Arizona.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading some of the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' which I find are very interesting. My home is in P. just now, but I used to live in sunny Kansas. The winters here are very pleasant, not so extremely cold as in the east, and that is why so many people come here for their health during the winter time.

The answer to Lenora R. Purling's riddle: A colored waiter was carrying a platter we can see the vessels pass and repass. The harbor looks very pretty, with the little sail-boats going in and out. This is a very quiet place, and I am proud to say it is a Temperance community. There is one church, namely, the Baptist, of which my papa is pastor. Our school is situated between a lake and the ocean, which makes it very pleasant in summer time, but very cold in winter. My aunt came out from England a year ago last September. She found the first winter cold, but enjoyed the summer very much.

ETTA CARTER.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Yacht.' Joseph Pintal, M., P. Que.
2. 'Fan,' Grace Goforth, M., Ont.
3. 'Barn.' Virgie Lamb, B., Ont.
4. 'Elephant.' Addie Geromette, G. B., Ont.
5. 'House and grounds.' Sadie Jennett, B., Ont.
6. 'Stable.' John R. Orchard, M., Ont.
7. 'Rose.' Edgar Trueman, S.J., N.B.
8. 'My brooch.' G. L. Munn, W. N., P. E. I.
9. 'Rabbit.' Hazel Borland.
10. 'The Majority Rules.' Lily A. Allin, V., Ont.

of turkey, he let it fall. What harm did he do to four countries? is— It caused the downfall of Turkey; overthrow of Greece; humiliation of Africa; and the destruction of China.

As this is the first time I have written, I will close for this time.

RUTH M. PERCEVAL.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' well, and as I enjoy reading, I appreciate it very much. We have got a flag for our school. We got it as a premium for $6.00 worth of subscriptions. We are very much pleased with it, and hoisted it the last day of school.

Our school is called Glenbourne school. We have a number of flowers planted, and all are doing well. I am in the fourth reader.

NETTIE WYLIE.

P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—We do not often see letters from P. E. I. My sister wrote to you a while ago, and told you all about the trees around our house. They are all very pretty now. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss B. We like her very much. I am going to send a puzzle—It was neither fish, flesh, feather, nor bone, and in three weeks time it could walk alone.

BLANCH DUCK.

P. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a long time, and enjoy reading it very much, especially where there are children. We recommend it to all our friends. My papa got between 30 and 40 to take it in P. H. and vicinity. The country is beautiful. The parsonage is situated in one of the prettiest places in P. H. We have a lovely view of the ocean, and

G., Kansas.

Dear Editor,—As we have not written to the 'Messenger' before, we think we will write a few lines. I (Rosa) am 14 years old, and in the 7th grade. My sister Ida is 10 years old, and in the 6th grade. My youngest sister, Alma, is 6 years old, and in the second grade.

We enjoy reading the correspondence page very much. It is three weeks now since we moved to Kansas. At first we lived in Plymouth. We all like it here. We don't know so many people as we did in Plymouth.

I think we will close our letter by sending a few riddles: —

1. When has a man four hands?
2. Why is a paper like a beggar?
3. When does a man weigh the most?
4. When is soup likely to run out of the kettle?

We hope some one will take pleasure in answering them.

ROSA AND IDA KOENIG.

C. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, and have a sister named Sarah, who is ten, and a brother named Johnny, who is six. For pets we have four cats and four kittens, which I think very pretty. My father raises chickens, and I take pleasure in feeding them. I will close my letter with some riddles.—

1. What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave two to each of his children?
2. What most resembles the half of a cheese?

EMMA REESOR.

Q., Que.

Dear Editor.—As I heave read so many letters from the boys and girls, I thought I would write one, too. I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. I have read quite a few books. I have three brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers goes to school. He is in the first book. My birthday is on the 20th of July. I will be twelve years old.

ETHEL C.

THE ICICLE AND THE SUN.

A., N. S.

An icicle hung on a red brick wall,
And it cried to the sun, 'I don't like you at all!'
Drip! drip! drip!

But the sun said, 'Dear, you've a saucy tongue,
And you should remember, I'm old, and you're young!'
Drip! drip! drip!

But the icicle only cried the more,
Tho' the good sun smiled on it, just as before;
Until, at the end of the winter day,
It had cried it's poor little self away!
Drip! drip! drip!

JAMES ROSS URQUHART (12 years).

A GOOD DAY'S OUTING.

P., Ont.

On the 24th of May, 1906, I was on the Bay of Quinte for the first time. We went in a steam yacht named 'Kathleen.' Our crowd consisted of six women, five men, two boys, one girl, and myself. We left the dock about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, passing, on our way down, the Orphan's Home and the Ways (or dry dock.)

Our first stopping place was Glenora, about five miles down the bay, where we climbed the mountain to the Lake on the Mountain. This is a very mysterious lake fed by some unknown source, supposed to be fed by one of the great lakes. It is so deep in the centre that it cannot be fathomed. Many beautiful fish abound in this lake, but only certain persons are allowed to fish. After we had seen the lake we embarked again, headed for Glen Island, another beautiful spot, about half a mile from Glenora. We sailed around the Island, landing at the dock and taking a walk round the place; we also had a drink of sulphur water, which tasted very nice. We then embarked again for the Orphan's Home, and had tea on the grass a little below the Home. Two young gentlemen joined us there, having come down in a canoe. After tea, Mr. K., the owner of the canoe, took a young lady and myself for a paddle of about two miles down the Bay, while the others went home in the steam yacht. The paddle was splendid, and we reached home at nine o'clock to shoot off fireworks.

W. SHEARER (aged 13).

S. M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and I go one mile and a half to school. I have a nice large dog, that is very glad to see me when I get home. I am eight years old.

MACK M. DERICK.

OTHER LETTERS.

Eva Rose Wickert writes from G., Ont., giving the answer to Emory D's riddle, and asking 'what Bishop wears the biggest hat?'

Rhea P. Forder, P., Man., likes to see the drawings, but she can't draw herself. She can play the piano though. She gives the answer to one riddle, and sends in three, that have, however, been already asked.

Louise Lawder, E., Ont., answers Warren W. B.'s riddle correctly, and asks. 'What is the fastest thing in the world?'

Rosebud, of M., Ont., sends in this riddle, as well as a nice little letter:

Riddley, Riddley Ree,
Has an eye and cannot see.

Bertha M. A., of B., Ont., lives in a very fine and growing town, and her letter shows she is able to appreciate its advantages.

Marguerite B. W., N.S.; Johnnie W. Struth, G. R., Mich.; T., W. C. Dobson, G., Ont.; L. W. M., P.L., N.S.; Hazel J. Wright, L., Assa.; Isaletta M. Ruby, B.P. Ont.; Lillian Craig, A., N.S.; and Una Simpson, of A., Ont., have also written.

LESSON XIII.—SEPTEMBER 23, 1906.

The Review.

Golden Text.

And they were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power.—Luke iv., 32.

Home Readings.

Monday September 17.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.

Tuesday, September 18. —Matt. xviii., 25-35.

Wednesday, September 19.—Luke xi., 1-13.

Thursday, September 20.—Luke xv., 11-32.

Friday, September 21.—Luke xviii., 1-14.

Saturday, September 22.—Luke xviii., 35-19.

Sunday, September 23.—Matt. xxi., 1-17.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

If the Bible is a ring of gold, Jesus is its solitaire. He is worth all the rest. In point of fact all the rest is for Him. Its glory is that it holds and displays Him. All prophets give witness to Him. They mark stages in the evolution of the ideal life, which is clear and incapable of erosion—the life of a man filled with God.

Jesus is the unapproached Teacher of men, not so much for what He said as for what He was. In point of fact, what he said, He was. His life is a Divine comment upon His Divine words. His own character is the irresistible, irrefutable argument for His doctrine. Incidentally it may here be noted that the true defense of religion still takes this form. It is not a book, but a life. It is not a pholiscphic statement, but righteous conduct. Ethical living is the 'salt' and 'light' of the world. The true defender of the faith is armed with neither pen nor sword. He just lives the good life.

The training of the twelve apostles taxed the skill and endurance of Jesus. The controversy as to which should be first is an example of the misconceptions of which they were full. It was a master stroke when He placed a child in their midst. It was a living tableau of docility, self-oblivion, and love. And from the parable, as was His wont, Jesus passed to practical development and application of the principles of His kingdom. (Lesson I.)

As was His custom, Jesus used a current event for purpose of illustration. Rulers of Palestine were often summoned to Rome to make an accounting. Such an instance had just occurred. Jesus likens the accounting to God to it. It is not the last judgment that is here referred to. The preliminary accounting reveals insolvency, and is the occasion of Divine forgiveness. Application is made to man's forgiveness or His fellows. Forgiven sinner showing unforgiving spirit is paradoxical. (Lesson II.)

The parable of the Good Samaritan is the pearl of the parables. With the freedom of Oriental audiences one injects a question. It proves to be only a dialectic gauntlet. Jesus, with consummate skill, takes the man on his own ground, and has him answer his own question. The attempt to refine upon the term neighbor is the immediate cause of the parable. The term is not defined, but the subjectic state which makes a man neighbor to every one is superbly illustrated, and the terse application, 'Do thou likewise!' is made. (Lesson III.)

The request which the disciples made for a form of prayer was natural. They had observed Jesus in prayer, and John the Baptist had set the precedent of teaching his followers a formula. It remains for the universal Teacher to give the universal form. The first part relates to the Father, His name, kingdom, will. The second relates to man—bread, forgiveness, deliverance. From the form Jesus proceeds to the spirit of prayer, which He illustrated by a parable, the force of which is its marked contrasts. (Lesson IV.)

Sociability was a marked trait of Jesus. Asceticism finds no support in Him whatever. In this instance He is the guest of a Pharisee who covets His table talk. A sufferer lies in the vestibule. Jesus does not avoid him. He does not merely toss a small coin to him. He determines to heal, but forestalls criticism by asking, 'Is it lawful to cure on the Sabbath' He answers His question by curing. Later He has a word for guests and another for host. (Lesson V.)

The strength of Jesus' parable of the great supper is its improbability. The preposterious inadequacy of the excuses shows at a glance the disinclination to accept the invitation. It is a deliberate insult. The Master dwells upon the practical rather than the speculative phase—namely, upon the personal attitude of the individual toward the Messianic kingdom rather than the accidents of that kingdom. (Lesson VI.)

The parable of the Two Sons is the 'pearl of parables.' Its primary object was to justify Jesus' attitude towards publicans and sinners by picturing them as subjects of Divine compassion. The secondary object is to picture sin as a revolt against a beneficent Father. The incidental lessons are: The freedom of the will; folly of sin, its unsatisfying nature, and desperate consequences; the nature of evangelical penitence, as discriminated for legal penitence; the process and course of recovery; the Divine compassion. (Lesson VII.)

The parable of the Pharisee and publican is one of the most pictorial of all. Two sorts of worshippers are made to fairly live before the reader. The one is false and fruitless; the other true and successful. The one haughtily denies all gross sins and affirms all active pieties. The other is penitent, makes no comparisons, attempts no palliation. The Pharisee's exit is not so much as noted, while the publican goes out justified—his miserere transposed to a hallelujah. (Lesson VIII.)

The incident of the 'Rich Young Ruler' is the record of a subtle interview, the meaning of which has universal application. This knight of legality betrays a disquiet spirit, in that he approaches Jesus at all. Jesus meets him on his own ground and uses his own methods. Relative goodness is made to face absolute goodness. The legalist is bidden to do and live. Obedience is averred, but the weak spot is touched in the crucial command, 'Sell and give!' Self is revealed. Lordship of mammon recognized; but the subject fails in the final test. (Lesson IX.)

Grace was magnified in the salvation of Zacchaeus. The corrupt child of an age of corruption and fraud, steeped in an atmosphere of oppression, social suspicion, national aversion; confronted for the first time in his life with absolute personal honesty, transparent truth, and singlemindedness—heart and life were changed at a stroke before the burning gaze of incarnate honor. (Lesson X.)

Jesus 'triumphal entry into Jerusalem was no mere incident. It was an event of large degree. It was not accidental, but designed. It was consistent with Jesus' plan to present Himself to the nation for acceptance or rejection. It presents points of contrast to other 'triumphs.' It was characterised by meekness, a lowly equipage, absence of captives and spoils. It was accorded by the common people, not by Church or State. Yet it was the most significant triumph of all history. No similar spectacle was ever fraught with such influence upon the destiny of the human race. (Lesson XI.)

Jesus' moral agony was greater than any physical pains He ever suffered. The cause of it was the contradiction of sinners against Himself, their effort to entangle Him in His words, their refusal to accept Him or His message. Jesus was crucified again and again before ever He came to His cross. In this instance the effort is to elicit from Him a categorical statement which can be used against Him in His trial, then impending. Jesus' answer is a miracle of genius, a flash of inspiration. He escaped the snare. He allied Himself with no faction. He carried the question over into an entirely new realm, where there are no disjointed commands or sacramental offices, but where there is a Life which gives continuity, vigor, progress to the whole. With one splendid flash, Jesus discloses the fundamental element in religion. Absent, it makes the Christian a heathen; present, it makes the heathen a Christian. This disputatious coterie fades. Jesus is speaking to the universal human heart. The man of to-day, even though technically rated an unbeliever, recognizes the Divineness of the message, and receiving it, begins the life of love toward God and his fellows. And that is religion. (Lesson XII.)

LESSONS THIRD QUARTER.

1. July 1st. Jesus and the Children. (Matt. xviii., 1-14.)
2. July 8th. The Duty of Forgiveness. (Matt. xviii., 21-35.)
3. July 15th. The Good Samaritan. (Luke x., 25-37.)
4. July 22nd; Jesus Teaching How to Pray. (Luke xi., 1-13.)
5. July 29th. Jesus Dines with a Pharisee. (Luke xiv., 1-14.)
6. August 5th. False Excuses. (Luke xiv., 15-24.)
7. August 12th. The Parable of the Two Sons. (Luke xv., 11-32.)
8. August 19th. The Judge, the Pharisee, and the Publican. (Luke xviii., 1-14.)
9. August 26th. The Rich Young Ruler. (Mark x., 17-31.)
10. September 2nd. Bartimaeus and Zacchaeus. (Luke xviii., 35; xix., 10.)
11. September 9th. Jesus Enters Jerusalem in Triumph. (Matt. xii., 1-17.)
12. September 16th. Jesus Silences the Pharisees and Sadducees. (Mark xii., 13-27.)
13. September 23rd. Review.
14. September 30th. A Temperance Lesson. (Gal. v., 15-26; vi., 7, 8.)

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 23.—Topic—A strong will: how to get it, and use it for temperance. I. Pet. iv., 1-11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE LORD ROUND ABOUT HIS PEOPLE.

Monday, September 17.—The chariots of God. Ps. lxviii., 17.

Tuesday, September 18.—The angel of the Lord. Ps. xxxiv., 7.

Wednesday, September 19.—Jacob and the angels. Gen. xxii., 1, 2.

Thursday, September 20.—Daniel and the angels. Dan. vi., 19-22.

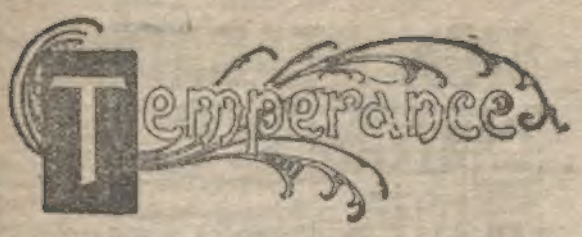
Friday, September 21.—The angel guardians. Ps. xci., 11, 12.

Saturday, September 22.—Elisha and the king. II. Kings vi., 8-12.

Sunday, September 23.—Topic—'The Lord is round about His people.' II. Kings vi., 13-17; Ps. cxxv., 2.

A Tree Four Hundred Years Old.

There are few more fascinating subjects to study than is supplied by the age of trees. Legend generally credits the broken and war-worn monarchs of the field with a term of life that foresters are somewhat doubtful about. Lately, Mr. Clayton read before the Linnaean Society a paper on the famous Cowthorpe Oak. Two hundred years ago this tree was regarded as a marvel, and it was carefully measured in 1700, when it gave a height of 80 feet, and a girth of 78 feet on the ground. In 1893 it was again measured, when the height had diminished to 37 feet, and the girth to 54 feet. The shrinkage of the girth is said to be due to the gradual sinking of the tree into the ground. Mother Earth, if left to her own will, finally absorbing again what she so laborously produced. Legend says of this tree that it was standing when William the Conqueror fought the battle of Hastings, and in 1842 Professor Burnett made it out to be nearly as old as the Christian era; but our age is more skeptical, and, says 'Country Life,' the modern expert holds that the tree is probably about four centuries old.—'Wetsminster Gazette.'



Shakers—Early Teetotalers.

The Shakers are the oldest of the communistic societies in the United States. According to Nordhoff, who writes an account of them, 'they are also the most thoroughly organized, and in some respects the most successful and flourishing.' Mount Lebanon, as their parent society is called, was established in 1792. We refer to them now for their early advocacy of total abstinence. As far back as 1817, we find these verses written by them, which are meant to enforce its practice on their members: —

'From all intoxicating drink
Ancient believers did abstain;
Then say, good brethren, do you think
That such a cross was all in vain?

'Inebriation, we allow,
First paved the way for am'rous deeds:
Then why should poisonous spirits now
Be ranked among our common needs?

'As an apothecary drug
Its wondrous virtues some will plead;
And hence we find the stupid slug
A morning dram does often need.

'Fatigue or want of appetite
At noon will crave a little more,
And so the same complaints at night
Are just as urgent as before.

'By want of sleep, and this and that,
His thirst for liquor is increased,
Till he becomes a bloated sot—
The very scarlet-colored beast.

'Why, then, should any soul insist
On such pernicious, poisonous stuff?
Malignant spirits! you're dismissed;
You have possessed us long enough.'

And then there was afterwards this note appended:—'All spirituous liquors should be kept under the care of the nurses, that no drams in any case whatever should be dispensed to persons in common health, and that frivolous excuses of being unwell should not be admitted.

'Slug,' in the third verse, is a 'cant term for a sluggard and selfish fellow, a kind of creature,' adds Nordhoff, 'they have pretty thoroughly extirpated.' We wish we were in sight of such an extirpation. The prevalence of the 'slug' among us is a curse and disgrace.—'Christian Age.'

A Secular Paper Asks: 'Why Not Cut it Out Altogether?'

It is a matter of fact which no one questions that more failures and loss and ruin come from drink than from any other cause. It ought to follow that any one who could do anything to lessen the extent of such ravages would gladly do whatever was possible to that end.

'If there were any way that one could keep a human being from the curse of tuberculosis would any creature on earth hesitate to help? Yet the drink habit causes far more wretchedness than even the dread white plauge. Can any one fail to see the need of doing his or her part, so far as possible, to lessen the volume of that misery and loss?

Any member of any community is as much responsible for the kind of young man which will grow in that community as are the teachers in great university centres. Each one helps to make easier the path of demoralization and weakness, or marks out more clearly the steps which lead to self-control and freedom.

If there were only one human life wrecked in all the world by the grip of alcohol, all the rest of humanity could well foreswear its use, rather than let another go down before its curse. But when not one, but countless life-wrecks are swept down before the plague, how can any who loves his fellow creatures fail to say that of all this misery and loss his skirts must be clear?

Fail to say that of all the heartaches and the poverty, the anxieties and the miseries engendered by this terrible blight, there shall not, by any possible chance, be one jot or title more because of any word or act of his, and that as far as may be the weight of this awful burden shall rest more lightly on human hearts because of his honest and persistent efforts.—'Rocky Mountain News.'

An Old Legend.

There is an old legend of a man who sold his soul to the devil. The conditions were: For a certain number of years this man was to have all his desires gratified, at the expiration of which time his soul was to be forfeited.

When the time agreed upon had expired this man was unwilling to fulfil his part of the contract, and asked the devil upon what terms he could be released. The reply was: 'If you will curse your God I will release you.'

'No,' said the man, 'I cannot curse the Being whose nature is love. Give me something less fearfully wicked.'

'Then kill your father,' replied the devil, 'and you go free.'

'No,' answered the man; 'that is too horrible to think of. I will not commit so great a crime. Are there no other conditions?'

'One more,' replied the devil; 'you must get drunk.'

'That is a very easy thing to do,' the man answered. 'I cannot kill my father, I will not curse my God, but I can get drunk, and when I become sober all will be well.'

Accordingly he got drunk, and when in this condition chanced to meet his father, who upbraided him, which so excited the ire of the drunken and half-crazed man that he slew his father, cursed his God, then fell dead.

Only a legend this particular case. But how true to the facts regarding the liquor curse!—'Christian Globe.'

A Promise is a Promise for Ever.

Once, when Abraham Lincoln was a member of the House of Representatives, according to a well-known story, a friend criticised him for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host, urging as a reason for the reproof, 'There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to its use.'

'I meant no disrespect, ohn,' answered Mr. Lincoln, 'but I promised my precious mother only a few days before she died that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding to-day as it was the day I gave it.'

'There is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement,' insisted the friend.

'But a promise is a promise for ever, John, and when made to a mother it is doubly binding,' replied Mr. Lincoln.

They talk of the man behind the gun,
And the deadly work that he has done;
But much more deadly work, by far,
Is done by the fellow behind the bar.
They talk of the man behind the gun—
Yet only in battle his work is done;
But never ceases, in peace or war,
The work of the man behind the bar.
—Selected.

No Liquor for Soldiers.

Sir Charles Napier, speaking to a regiment in Calcutta, said:—

'Don't drink. Let me tell you you have come to a country where if you drink you are dead men. Be sober and steady, and you will get on well; but if you drink, you're done for!'

He, and forty-four others were once attacked beneath a burning sun with sunstroke, and he alone survived.

He accounted for his escape thus:—

'I do not drink, that is the secret; the sun has no ally in the liquor in my brains.'

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John Dougall & Son,
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Please find enclosed.....in payment of my subscription to the .....'Witness,' on trial to Jan. 1, 1907, as per your offer above. I have not been taking the 'Witness.'

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N.B.—This form can easily be changed to a ten club or yearly subscription.

HOUSEHOLD.

Would You?

Could you keep the tints of spring
  On the woods in misty brightness,—
Keep the half-veiled boughs a-swing
  To the linnets' flitting lightness,—
Through the birch leaves' rippling green
  Hold the maple keys from dropping,—
On the sward with May showers clean,
  Cheat the violets into stopping;

Could you make the rosebud's lips
  Vow to be a bud forever,
From the sedge's wavering tips
  Bid the dewy pearl drop never;
Could you make the sunrise hour
  For a lifetime overbrood you;
Could you change the year's full dower,
  For its first faint promise—would you?

Though a bubbling cup we quaff,
  Fresh from sunny founts of morning,
When the world is all a laugh,
  And a welcome without warning;—
At life's Cana-feast, the guest
  Lingering on, with thirst unsated,
Finds a later draught the best;
  Miracles—when thou hast waited!

Thought must shade and sun the soul
  With its glorious mutations;
Every life-song is a whole,
  Sweeter for its variations,
Wherefore with your bliss at strife?
  'Twas an angel that withstood you!
Could you change your perfect life
  For a dream of living—would you?

—Lucy Larcom.

How Shall we Entertain?

How shall we entertain? Joyously! Pleasure is contagious. Remember, hostess, every house has its climate; some are in the torrid, some in the temperate, some in the frigid zone. Remember, moreover, that you create the climate of your house. More important than the style of your dress, the ordering of your banquet, the setting of your table, is the mood in which the appointed hour of entertainment finds you. When the door-bell peals to the ring of the first arrival, put aside all thoughts of how you look, how your drawing-room looks, how good, bad, or indifferent the dinner may prove; banish every one, meet your guest with nothing on your mind save the anticipation of passing and helping him to pass a delightful hour. If you can do this the battle is already half won.—Maud Howe, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

A Novel Trap.

Walter Gowdie, of Michigan, sends the 'Farm Journal' a simple mouse-trap idea, which he says is a sure thing: Take a piece of inch board about a foot square, an ordinary thimble and a bowl big enough for a mouse. We use a sauce bowl. Turn bowl upside down on the board; take the thimble and a piece of bread crust and wedge the latter as tight as you can into the thimble. Raise one edge of bowl and put the thimble under that edge, the bread part extending inside of bowl. Set the edge of bowl as close to the end of thimble as possible, without slipping off. The mice crawl under bowl and begin to pull and work at the bread; down comes the bowl, and Mr. Mouse is shut in. Keep the thimble filled with bread.

The Hanging of Pictures.

In hanging, the guiding principle as to height is the level of the eye, but combined with that are equally important considerations of size, shape and color, in relation both to wall spaces and to each other. The inclination seems to be to hang pictures too high, giving an impression of being skied. Too high, too far apart, poorly balanced and forming steps or gables are pitfalls to be avoided. When one's pictures are large and can be hung one in a place, with a thought only for the proper height and lighting, the problem is a comparatively simple one. The eye must rest directly upon it; it must not give the impression of weighing heavily upon the piece of furniturn beneath, nor must it float off into space above. The shapes must harmonize with the shape of the piece of furniture beneath, as well as with the space. That the dark places must be lighted up with the light pictures and the dark photographs hung in the high lights can easily be seen.—'Harper's Bazar.'

Selected Recipes.

CURRANT JELLY.—Here are directions for making this best of all fruit jellies, which, if carefully followed, will prove infallible: Remove the stems from the currants and pick out all bits of leaves that may be mixed with the fruit; press the juice from the currants through a patent wine or fruit press, or through a colander with a potato masher; then strain through a sieve when the juice is all extracted; weigh a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; heat the sugar in a moderate oven in shallow tin pans; put the currant juice in a preserving kettle over the fire; as soon as it begins to heat, stir in the sugar, let the whole cook gently for fifteen minutes, skimming it well; then lift the kettle from the stove, and pour the jelly into small glasses. Use a small ladle or a small pitcher to pour the jelly in; stand the glasses where they will be exposed to the sun, and when quite cool cover the glasses with the tin covers which come for this purpose.

SALLY LUNN.—Half a cup of butter, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one egg, one and one-half cups of milk and water mixed, one-half a yeast cake, and three cups of sifted flour, five grates of nutmeg and the best of the half an orange. Cream butter and sugar, add egg, milk and water and yeast dissolved smoothly in a small portion of water, a saltspoonful of salt, the seasonings, then the flour. Beat hard for five minutes after all ingredients are together, cover and set in a warm place (in summer in a cool place). It will take all morning when wanted for luncheon, and should be made up at breakfast time. When honeycombed throughout give the batter one or two stirs, turn into a well greased cake pan with a funnel in the centre, let rise for half an hour and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Delicious sliced in wedges and served with plenty of butter.

Religious Notes.

In a recent sermon on 'Why the Masses in New York are Poor,' the Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters said: 'It is estimated that New York spends $1,000,000 a day in liquor, most of it bad, which amounts to more than half as much as the amount required to run the entire government of the United States. The annual drink bill of New York is more than the entire amount received for tariff. The interest on the city's annual drink bill at 4 per cent. is nearly equal to the income of all the universities and colleges in the United States.'

The Rev. F. S. Miller, of the Presbyterian Mission, Chungju, finds that his colporteur is not tied to any hard-and-fast rules in introducing his books, but 'has various ways of persuading men to take his leaflets and buy his books. On one trip, when I accompanied him, he had a donkey named Skylark, which was given him by a consecrated American school teacher. Skylark liked paper. So when a man refused one of Yo's leaflets, Yo pulled a spoiled and crumpled one out of his pocket and handed it to Skylark. Skylark ate it like a goat, and Yo, turning to the man, said, "See, the donkey has more sense than you; he takes what is offered him." The chances are that the ice was broken and the man bought a book before he said, "Go in peace."'

A missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. reports that one of the chief obstacles to the efficiency at Beira, Portuguese East Africa, is, not fever, but the liquor trade. Rum is sold to natives without conscience and without limit. A similar license exists in German Togoland, on the western coast of the continent. Imports of spirits in Togoland increased $152,000 in 1904, raising the total liquor bills of the colony to about $420,000 (1,750,000 marks). The nations permitting this infamy are both 'Christian.'

Gipsy Smith sails from England, Sept. 25, for a winter of evangelistic work in the United States.

The strong force of natural curiosity has been counted on by some earnest Christian workers in Philadelphia, according to the New York 'Observer.' At the children's meetings held there during the afternoons, the following has been sung to a good tune:

'Say, my chum, have you seen
Second Timothy 2-15?
First of Thessalonians 5: 22,
Will tell you exactly what to do.'

By repeating these words in the homes, as many of the children are sure to do, it is hoped that parents will be incited to look up their references and through them be brought to a saving knowledge of Christ. The committee believes in following Paul's plan, 'I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.'

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